



The story



101 4 7

Chapter 1 by Arkham Knight

I sat up on my bed looking out my window, starring at the old pickup truck in my front yard. This pickup truck was in family for a long time so it was really old. The hood was damaged, the tailgate was falling off, the headlights were broken and that's just a couple things that's wrong with it.

But it held sentimental value, its where i was conceived. I have a really weird family.

Chapter 2 by Kalil Warren



My mother was pushed out of the house in a rush. A couple seconds prior her water broke. My dad put her in the car as gently as possible. The closes hospital is a hour away and my dad wasn't the best of drivers. He actually doesn't have a drives licence because of his DUIs.

"Garry!" My mother yells at the top of her lungs.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



I watch as the car inches out of the driveway, as if even the machinery itself isn't quite sure this is a good idea. But it moves, and before I can even blink it's been swallowed up by the street.

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I can't believe that they're still handing down that car to the children of this family. Rest assured that when I get my license, I won't be setting foot in the thing.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



They've been gone for about a day now. Little Roscoe really doesn't want to leave. I can't really blame her. This house isn't exactly the ritz.

Dad's texted me about every hour with updates. I've handed my phone off to the Fitz, my ten year old brother. His real name is Fitzgerald, but he has a thing about nicknames. This is his fourth of the week. I don't want to get into another fight with my parents, so I just oblige by the name change, like I've been calling him that my entire life. In any case, it'll make for a great speech at his wedding reception in twenty or so years. He takes a great deal more fascination with mom's progress than I do. Besides, I don't exactly have any other friends to make contact with - ones that have my phone number, anyway.

I log onto Writer's Bloc, and roll my eyes when I see how many notifications I have. Ninety. And most of them are from one person, I'm sure. Catti.

She's taken a liking to my work ever since I joined this site. I'm flattered, but honestly, it's not exactly the stuff of God's. Her's has mine beat, hands down. Catti says I have "potential", whatever that means. She's sort of my editor slash closest thing I'll ever have to a best friend. And just as I predicted, these ninety notifications are from her and her band of friends, which she always insists that I join. Maybe I will, when I'm comfortable. But right now, Catti's enthusiasm is more than enough for me.

Writer's Bloc's entire purpose is to offer a streamlined channel for amateur literature, and in this respect, it delivers. I have never felt more at home than when I see the little pink banner greeting me.

I open my messages.

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Catti (February 12th, 2015, 11:30 PM)

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Hey kiddo! Just wanted to check in on you. How's it going? In a few days, I finally just read that story of your's about the truck your character converts into a caravan? Nice! The

truck was described so well that I really, really, thought it was real! Hope to see you soon.

Priest (February 15th, 2015, 3:08 PM):

Funny you should say that. Sometimes I wish the truck wasn't real. Sorry to make you worry, though.

Truth be told, that story wasn't entirely fiction. It's true that I don't want the truck. But it's also true that I want to travel, and getting a vehicle is sort of a big part of that. So I guess you can say this: I don't want the truck...not in its present state, at least.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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